

# PSYCHOLOGY AND SIDDHA YOGA

## WHOSE DREAM ARE WE LIVING?

BY RON JONES

*We are not the imaginings and impulses of the mind, but rather the blissful, immutable Consciousness from which they arise.*

I have always been fascinated with the mind. As a boy of eleven or twelve I checked books about hypnotism out of the library and began practicing on a friend. The idea of a subconscious mind which could be influenced by suggestion to produce nearly miraculous mental and physical states was much too alluring for me to resist. The ideal of possessing that kind of power must have grabbed my attention as well. I was in awe of the possibilities. Little did I know that it was really the powers of the Self behind the mind which attracted me, and in fact, which led me to my profession as a psychologist and, ultimately, to the Guru.

The first time I was introduced to Baba I tried to dismiss him in my mind. The second

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time I met him, four years later, my meditations had come alive (no doubt because I had received Shaktipat the first time I met him), and I tried to get him to see how great my inner state was. Though I secretly wanted him to be fascinated with my mind, it was *his* mind which soon became the object of my interest. His was without a doubt the most fascinating mind I had ever seen. He was so poised and comfortable inside himself. He had the alertness of a warrior and yet the joyful serenity of a fountain. He was a virtual mountain of energy. He related to people from some deep and inward sense of who they were and was sometimes shockingly unresponsive to their outer bids for attention.

He began to call me *Manashastri*, which translates as "professor of the mind." He always said it with such complete love: "Ahhh, Manashastri." At the same time, though, his greeting made me conscious of my fascination with the mind itself. I felt I was being playfully teased about it. One time when I brought my wife, also a psychotherapist, up to meet Baba, he

pointed at her and asked, "Manashastris?" I said, "Yes, Baba, she is a psychotherapist too." I was amazed that he immediately knew. Then he gave me one of those teachings about myself and about the mind which I will never forget. He said, "Very good, very good. You both have the same addiction!"

In that moment, he cut to the heart of the greatest stumbling block in my spiritual development: I was addicted to all of the exciting and varied dramas of the mind and not to the Self. I remembered an earlier answer he wrote in response to my letter asking why I never seemed to have enough money or time to travel with him. He said, "It is your love which keeps you from being with Baba." If it was my love which kept me from Baba, my love of what? As I contemplated my life, I saw it was my love of life's dramas, the mind's eternal plays, which kept me from being one-pointed on the Guru. In fact, one of my greatest sources of egotistic pride — my profession and all of its knowledge — was revealed, in his loving light, to be no more than an addiction.

Aren't we all addicted to the mind's drama? It isn't really a question of whether we are caught up in soap operas or not, it's a question of *which* soap opera we're caught in. Are we attached to *Days of Our Lives* or *All My Children*, or to the drama unfolding in our relationships at home or at work? Are we addicted to our images of greed, power, or lust, or to our images of low self-worth and feelings of inadequacy? Whatever the drama, it is our mind and nothing "out there" which creates our attachment to it. As Gurumayi has said, "When the intellect is covered with the power of illusion, we project illusion, we give illusion to others, and we receive illusion ourselves." We become whatever illusion our mind attaches to.

The other night I was enjoying a moment of contemplation before bedtime, and was unexpectedly drawn into a subtle, vast, revelatory state of detachment. In a microsecond I glimpsed my limited life with all of its pleasures and joys, its wounds and frustrations, its pettiness and

strength. However, in this blessed state, I was unaffected by what I saw. From deep within the question arose, "Whose dream am I living?"

In that moment, I saw my life as someone else's dream; I felt so free from it in that state. From that vantage point I felt like I could "Dial-a-Dream" — that I had complete choice of the dream I could live. My current life seemed to be a part in some play of my choice, selected at some earlier time and now "bought into" as reality. A chuckle of joy bubbled up inside me, both at my freedom and my folly.

Whose dream are we living? Isn't it true that for each of us, our life is organized around some dream or myth, some drama with an anticipated reward built into it? The martyr, for example, dreams about some later gratification while suffering under his present burden. The workaholic, seeing life as a competition for status or wealth, may be convinced that his sacrifice of family life is more than justified by the power he hopes to accrue. Or a criminal, dreaming of his own righteousness, sets about correcting social injustice by diminishing the coffers of the "materialists." In my own case, I believed the power of knowledge to be redemptive, and hoped it would bring me an honored position of favor with respect to some knowing god I must have imagined.

At the root of these personal myths and dreams to which our mind attaches, it seems, always lies some power of the Self. If we are attached to worldly power, isn't it because we see in it a glimpse of the all-powerful condition of the Self? If we are attached to things of beauty, aren't we seeing the beauty of the Self in those things? If we secretly or unconsciously imagine a god who rewards sacrifice, aren't we seeing the perfect sacrifice of the Self in our own martyred outlook? Whether we are aware of it or not, the life-dream we choose seems to be our shot at attaining some quality of the Self. Our mind gets so attached to the few nuggets it finds in front of the gold mine that it never considers entering the mine itself. What we have forgotten — until the Guru gives us the experience — is that the Self,

with all of its bliss, knowledge, and power, is entirely ours if we but honor and serve it.

I once read something about a dream Carl Jung had. In this dream, a yogi sat with his back to the altar of a small church. In the dream Jung thought to himself, "Why am I dreaming this yogi?" The yogi opened his eyes and Jung realized, "No, it is that yogi who is dreaming Carl Jung!" He realized that his whole life was a dream of this yogi — the Self, deep in the chapel of his own heart.

When Baba's tour was in Santa Monica, I stayed with him for a month or so and took the teachers' training course. In it, we contemplated the thirty-six principles of creation according to Shaivism. One of the swamis was guiding us through the steps of creation, and then back to the Absolute. As we ascended from the thirty-sixth step back to absolute Consciousness prior to creation, I noticed that I was experiencing each step as a finer, brighter, lighter state of that Consciousness. When we finally returned our focus to the Absolute as it exists before creation, "I" disappeared. I was without substance, without form, and without history. I was in that state for several minutes before my mind kicked in to reestablish its more manageable reality.

I realized that the unique soul I call Ron Jones didn't and never had really existed, and yet I lived my life as though he did. I was very bothered and bewildered by this. It seemed a betrayal.

It seemed unnatural. It seemed to run against the stream of life. And yet in some profound place inside, I knew it was absolutely true. It is a truth I am having to grow into.

But if we have never really existed, then what is this mind we have, so full of thoughts, conflicts, feelings, moods, desires, impulses, intuitions, sensations, dreams, and imaginings? There is really only one answer: it is God's mind. The unending stream of words, thoughts, images and dream worlds that we meet when we sit for meditation should not be taken so personally. Baba and Gurumayi have said again and again that it is the play of the *matrika shakti*, God's own fountain of creativity. It is only the mind which becomes possessive of certain groupings of these divine possibilities and puts us at war with the rest. It is the mind which, over time, spins a particular dream or myth out of them by which to live. It is only the mind which then becomes attached to and identified with this dream life, and feels limited and threatened by whatever other part of the whole it cannot yet accept. The truth is, there is not a thought thought, a feeling felt, or a life lived that does not eternally exist as God's own flow of potent possibilities.

So if it is truly "God's mind" in our body, and not our own, then how far can we be from the divine? Again and again, Gurumayi shows us that we are the eternal, blissful, immutable Self experiencing the flow of imaginary worlds over countless lives. What better role in what better dream could we possibly have?

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*Use your mind to know God, to know the Truth.  
Use your intellect to know God, to know the Truth.  
Use your subconscious mind also  
to know God, to know the Truth.  
Use your entire being to know God, to know the Truth.  
Once you know the Truth, you know everything.*

— Gurumayi Chidvilasananda

COVER:  
*Le Château  
 des Pyrénées,*  
 by Magritte



◁ *The Waterfall,*  
 painting by  
 M.C. Escher



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